

The Register

Boston Latin School
Spring 1996



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The Register is published twice a year by the students of Boston Latin School. Students in Classes I through VI as well as all faculty and administration are invited to submit original writing and artwork.

FEAR

and thus a three letter word became four
which in turn handed down its death sentence
you could see it hiding
you could watch it transmogrify
but you couldn't stop what was coming
you couldn't stop what was on its way

2030 - the number predicted is 50%
half of my friends, lovers, brothers, community
half of my life
so many have given up hope
many just ignore what they fear
and in ignorance we allow it to grow, to let it take over

Paul you weren't supposed to die
It wasn't real until now
there are others, but there hasn't been death
only a fight from the living, straining to survive
it hadn't taken anyone from me yet
it hadn't entered my life

now it's more real than imagined
more than I dreamed
it's invading my life and growing inside me
everyday I wonder how I'll survive in 2030
when even today I seem to be
surrounded by death

- John Moore, I

PERSONAL RIDE

His hair was like a freshly cut lawn of black grass. His sideburns were neat, and his black sunglasses cradled his fragile blue eyes like babies.

He could talk for hours on anything, even crabs (because he appreciated them for the shy little animals they were).

He dug fried chicken, and he could play the saxophone like you wouldn't believe. He tried to teach her rhythm, but she just couldn't do it.

And one day, when everything was hot and sweaty, in an amusement park, he wouldn't ride the Whirling Teacup-like ride. "No," he said, "I can't. I'll just stand out here and spin." So he held out his arms and began to turn.

And from certain angles, in their little Teacup thing, when it spun just right, she could see him turning, spinning, spinning, turning, arms out, sunglasses on, sun lightening his black hair.

And it was then that she knew that she loved him.

- Christina Tinglof, I



EARLY SUN

As the early sun arises and washes the side of the house in yellow sunlight, the woman puts her son's clothes in the drawer. She inadvertently catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror and has captured her own gaze. She looks closely at her reflection and at once notices the wrinkles around her eyes and mouth. Her raven hair is now peppered with grey and her whole body is sagging and tired.

She is remembering the days past, of running with her friends, the ice cream and jump rope. She is thinking how silly she was with her pigtails and her mary-janes. The afternoons she would sit with the boy who would be her husband under a tree, and share lunches, discussing nothing in particular. Oh, those were the blissful days of youth and summer.

Now she had come back to reality. Her friends were old, married, and had children of their own, just like her. Her pigtails had long since vanished into a twist at the nape of her neck, speckled with grey. Her husband had passed away several years ago. She was about to cry when a single thought stopped her. So she went over to the window, opened the shutters, and let the sun pour in.

- Emily Tisei, III

CIMMERIAN CHRONICLE

I. (birth)

The redness seemed tainted
 with a black undercurrent as
 wary eyes examined the passageway.
 The black grew darker
 the taste metallic -
 he shuddered within
 the plastic embrace.

II. (torment)

Long forgotten of the passage
 names, dates, places, faces
 eluded him yet preyed upon the physique.
 Collage of faces familiar from
 the Great Beyond wracked his sleep;
 dawn came, hunger,
 still the darkness.

III. (under the bridge)

Terror no longer seized
 the soul long decayed the
 blue was easily eradicated
 by means of southern comforts
 (like home and Tara).
 Overhead, a train thundered past -
 no surprise.

IV. (over the bridge)

Liquid matter since the beginning
 dominated the being - the storm
 exuded rain (and other forms) Arms extend
 toward the wrath of the heavens . . .
 demonic laughters reverberate and
 the brine swallowed him whole
 far below
 in a chaos of ebony, blood.

V. (the existence as contemplated by the angel
Death)

Wings beat against the dark ethers
 bearing forth the two forms toward
 the dim stairway. Bitter resignation,
 contempt nonetheless, as he drove
 the pitiful soul through the passage
 again.

At long last the shadows
 of the two crossed the brilliance
 and wearily
 the winged one sighed -

Father, it is done.

- *Martha Deery, II*



MIDDLE SCHOOL MAJESTIES

1
more
goddess-bodied
and blessed
than me
is how I always felt
in your shadow
in Math class.
we were seated alphabetically
"M-a, M-e, M-i"
and there you were
pink, disarming, blond and bold
getting with all the guys
(it was grade five).
I was chasing after
being you
for years.

3
the last of the trio,
most like me:
in a rush to catch up,
you were only the others
for a year.
too fat, too poor
you were, and
clumped in between stupid
and reasonable.
you were unremarkable
except your earrings
which always looked
terrific
with your clothes.
there's not much more
to tell about you.

2
you, though, were buttless
skinny, studious, frigid
and I wanted to stand
in your place in front
of your locker
which was right next to mine.
you were rubber-tire immobile,
rubber-tire reactive.
you never even tried
to acknowledge
anyone
but J and J.
you were the most
proper one
of the gang,
in the middle
of the action.
you had no spark.
I hated you.

- *Deborah Milstein, I*



JAZZ STORM

First the thunder crashes, loud and hard, sounding every half minute like the beat of the upright bass (Ca-Boom...Ca-Boom...Ca-Boom...Ca Boom). As the rain begins to fall, it starts off lightly and gently (Pitter-Pat...Pitter-Pat...Pitter-Pat... Pitter-Pat), like the snare. Now that the beat has been set (Ca-Boom...Pitter-Pat, Pitter-Pat...Ca-Boom... Pitter-Pat), the woodwinds are needed.

As the wind blows, a little stronger than before, the clarinet sounds. It is low and mellow, accompanied by a whining flute. The pavement grows dark and the leaves on the trees begin to droop as the melody rises (Ca-Boom...Pitter-Pat...Dah-Doo...Ca-Boom...Pitter-Pat...Dah-Doo). The wind is picking up. It causes the windows to shudder, awakening the brass.

The trumpets are strong and emphatic adding richness to the melody. As the rain falls faster, the ground becomes saturated. Passing pedestrians slip and slide like the U-shaped section of the trombone; filling the tune with flare (Ca-Boom...Pitter-Pat...Dah-Doo...Bah, Bah, Bop, Bah...Ca-Boom...Pitter-Pat... Dah-Doo... Bah, Bah, Bop, Bah). Faster, faster, the wind whips the tree branches back and forth. Some even stick to the window pane and slide down leaving a streak on the glass.

Now the electric bass is heard, sharp and sassy, holding its own against the other instruments. The lightning flashes. The cymbal crashes. It's time. The climax is here. The earth is a gloomy blur of blue gray. Everything is soggy, burdened, heavy. From out of nowhere comes the old familiar sound. Perfect harmony, perfect pitch. Good Ole' Mr. Saxophone to the rescue. The saxophone starts low, high, then low again. Twiddle-deet-deet-dee is the upbeat harmony. From one octave to the next, saxophone climbs higher and higher until he reaches the cloudy sky above (Bee-bop-Dee-doot-do).

Suddenly the wind slows down a bit. The brass swells and slowly begins to fade. Mr. Saxophone plays on. The trumpets die out, leaving the woodwinds to carry the tune alone. The flute hits a shrill E-flat and vanishes. The clarinet mourns its loss, playing lightly and low until it can no longer be heard. The rain is no longer falling. Drops slowly form on the ends of the tree branches. The snare must wait for them to fall and hit the ground before it can play. Bored and impatient, the snare retires, leaving Mr. Saxophone, the upright and electric basses to carry on (Ca-Boom...Twang...Twiddle-Deet-dee). The saxophone gets softer. The basses are strong, so strong that they become jealous and try to out play each other (Ca-Boom...Twang, Twang...Ca-Boom-boom...Twang, Twang, Twang).

They quickly tire and must stop, leaving Ole' Mr. Saxophone. He plays on, cool and cocky. Diddle-dee-dee, he calls. Diddle-dee-dee, he calls again, and sure enough, the sun steps out from behind the clouds and makes everything glitter. Mr. Saxophone is satisfied and finishes his song.

The storm has passed and the rain has stopped, but my vision is still a blur. I cry because I liked the song and because they played my blues. I sit, looking out of the window, watching everything shimmer and sparkle, and I wonder. When will I get the blues again? And when I do, will the band come back and play them away?

- Trasee Clayborne, II

DRIFTING ON WAVES

waves crash on the shore uniformly
rising and falling simultaneously
for a long time
there was one special wave
and, on approaching
half of the wave stopped
still

solemn
the other half continued
to rise and fall alone
it gathered speed
and crashed
with gray white foam
on the brown-gray sand
yet the other half-wave
continued to be still
it was joined for a moment
by the half it lost
which inquired the problem
and, though it tried,
the lonely half wave
could not reply
because it didn't know how
the bold half wave
crashed on the shore

strongly
with great white foam
for a long time
eventually it returned
to its lonely half
and asked if it would
consider rejoining

but by then
he'd done so much
crashing
and foaming
they didn't go together anymore
they tried to fit
for a while

it seemed
that they crashed well together
but in the end,
they agreed that they didn't
and they separated again
so the bold half went on
crashing
foaming
and the lonely half stayed
right where she was
and cried
huge salty tears
and watched her other half
rise and fall
crash and foam
she continued to cry
because it was all
she could do
because she didn't have the words
and they wouldn't
make sense
anyway
so she couldn't say
how it felt
and she cried
until low tide
and she had to leave
her precious bold half
for he had crashed so often
he had become a part
of the sand
of the earth
of the world
and she was still
floating.

- Kymberli Deneise Welch, II

CHANGE

once

when

You were a prince

and i was little

You'd wake me with orange blossoms and forget-me-nots

muse of perfect lilac castles of sweet thoughts secured by fairy dust

Our thursdays were roman noodle days

(our gentle waves and mermaids' hair days) You never forgot

We had eachother and nothing else

windows to the outside locked us in this house

now

now

you are a lord

and i am little

you've forced your way through the window

and in the drama

left me behind

you desert me before i wake how considerate not to disturb me

and you come home late with stains and a stumble

you nuke our dinner in a box though you've already dined

you curse and shout what the outside has done to you

and you keep going back for more

as at night You used to hold me until it was all better

and promise to fight off all the demons and dragons

now you just say, "go to sleep."

and smoke another cigarette

as You used to share the throne with me in Our starry kingdom

now you hide me in my room when your friends crash

once you said no one would hurt me

and now you starve me

once you used to love to love me

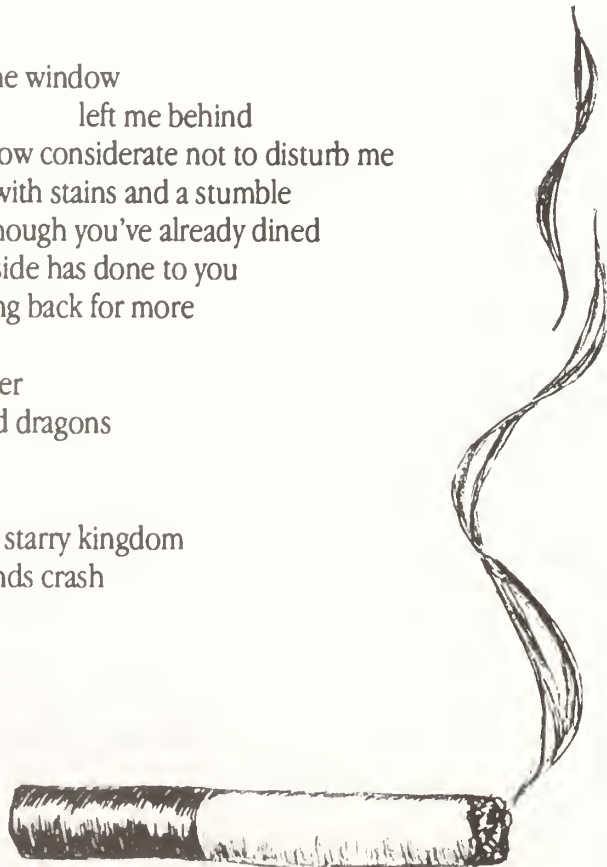
now

now i sit

and i wait

for my prince to return

i know he's dead



THE BANQUET OF THE SEASONS

The yearly banquet begins in mid-March. The arriving guests are giddy and playful as they greet old friends, and reminisce about similar banquets that Mother Chef had prepared and served on the green grass and enormous backyards of their youth. They chatter with each other, resembling the birds, who upon returning from winter vacations, seem to sing louder than usual on early spring mornings. An awareness of new beginnings and life pervades the atmosphere at the commencement of the dinner party. There is excitement in the air. After exuberantly greeting and embracing each guest, the hostess begins to disclose some of the treats she had prepared for them. Hors d'oeuvres are served, fiddle head ferns, snow peas, and tangy radishes. The guests eagerly sample the morsels and marvel at their beautiful presentation. Mother is an exceptional chef as well as a hostess. While the beautiful spring days she has prepared are often wonderfully warm, she allows the evenings to cool to remind the guests at her table that winter often retreats slowly. Aware that her guests might feel a slight chill, she offers each a bowl of French Onion Soup. The table is set in a large field of young green grass with small clumps of crocuses and daffodils. Encircling it are trees, dressed in buds, anxious to become small, pale green leaves.

The second course of the banquet begins in June. A relaxed, comfortable atmosphere exists at the table. Mother Chef seasons brighter days and warmer nights with light breezes, which enhance the tranquillity of the gathering. The decorations surrounding the feast move from the soft pastel colors of spring flowers, vibrant deep purple delphiniums, dazzling yellow sunflowers and brilliant red roses among the soft green landscape. The hostess offers her guests a bit of raspberry sorbet surrounded by freshly pickled raspberries from her garden. The guests eat the sorbet slowly, wishing to prolong the fantastic setting their hostess has made for them. Freshly made warm bread and salads are presented. The salads are especially delicious because they are made with lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, carrots and peppers grown in her own garden. Homemade butter enhances the taste of the wheat bread. Towards the end of the second course, some of the guests notice that Mother Chef has begun to change the hues of the trees, from the soft greens of the spring and summer to more vibrant colors of red, yellow and orange announcing the arrival of the main course.

The main begins in mid-October and the guests feel cool air arriving at once again. They anticipate with great pleasure the entree that they have spent seven months waiting for. Some of the guests aid Mother Chef with the preparation of this spectacular meal. They harvest the crops and help cook the vegetables and meat. Finally, Mother Chef serves the main meal. The abundance of food overwhelms everyone. She has prepared large quantities of all kinds of meat, potatoes, both mashed and baked, beans, stuffing, squash, onions, and turnips. The guests eat without conversation. Again, they marvel at the extraordinary talents of Mother Chef as displayed in both her preparation and presentation. They are unaware of the looming clouds above them because they are so engrossed in their meal. The leaves on the trees that surround their banquet

table have fallen to the ground and Mother Chef has formed them into a beautifully colored carpet. When the guests finish their meals, they sit back, relax, and enjoy the peace that has come over the field. They put on sweaters and patiently await dessert.

The hostess enjoys the preparation of the dessert course most of all. In December, the hostess allows her guests to watch as she creates her wondrous desserts. She starts by cooling the setting and sprinkling her bare trees with a light touch of confectionery sugar. She then creates an entirely different table for her desserts. The carpet of leaves is now cloaked in white and on it she places ice cream sundaes with huge swirls of whipped cream topping, pies smothered in white meringue, and cakes topped with vanilla frosting. Some of the whipped cream and frosting drips while the hostess is preparing them and the guests are able to eat these long, sugary, frozen sweets. While eating the cakes and sundaes, they notice the treats she has hidden inside. Some of the guests find nuts and others find dried pieces of fruit and berries meticulously placed within their desserts. The icing on the trees and bushes are like sweet pieces of candy which the guests eat. The hostess continually replenishes the desserts for her guests, who graciously take more but become slightly larger and in need of sleep after the gourmet meal. The hostess begins to slowly remove her delicious desserts and offers her guests a bit of warm tea before they rest.

Mother Chef has completed her seasonal banquet and relishes seeing her guests enjoy themselves and what she has created in her own home. When she has finished removing all of the desserts and has cleaned up the table, she goes back to her kitchen and prepares for her next banquet.

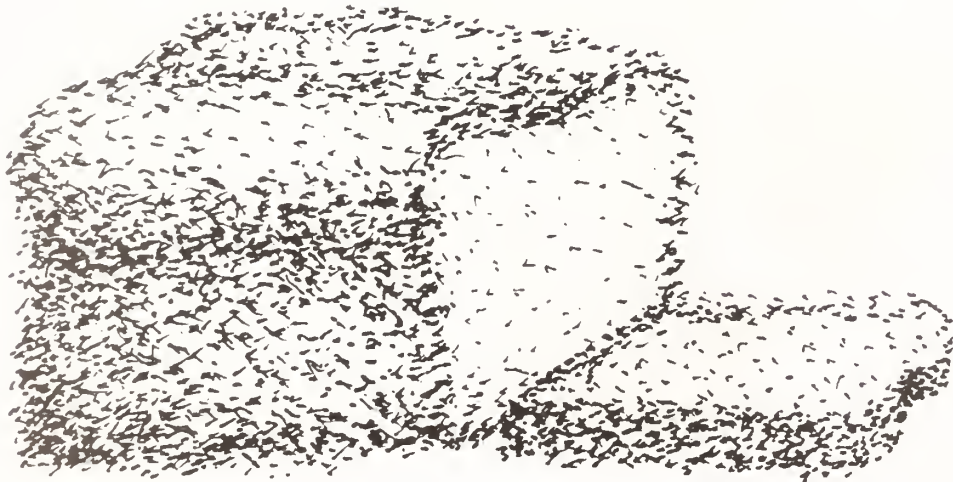


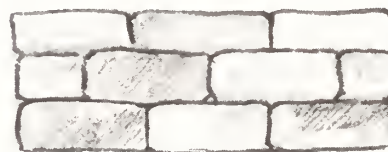
- Katie Hickey, II

WHITE MEMORY KITCHEN

Him, smiling down on us
his voice "don't eat the raisins"
he wore his white - clean, almost glowing, light - his bakers' white
when he baked us bread
his huge hardworking hands kneaded the
dough was soft and warm and squishy
— he kneaded it, we needed him
smell cinnamon, twisted in
just enough and nuts (she wasn't nuts)
walnuts from the freezer
"Let it rise, don't push it down"
we watched it grow, he watched us grow
we watched and learned and
tasted stolen raisins
pieces of him
it was our family bread
of life, of love, of him
now only my (or our, no more hours) memory's tongue can taste
the bread and love and him, his voice
He wears his white, his angel's white
and smiles down on us.

- Liz Hauck, I



**DOWNTOWN CROSSING**

I Heart drives the blood onward,
some promise drives the legs;
My legs ache, and so
I take my seat at the junction.

II Ten, a hundred, make their way,
feet resound upon the stones;
the blood, set all to motion.
This man is blind with urgency,
and that walks with a long black
cane; see, here or there, the sudden
tremors, exuberance of youth,
the old men watching from their
perches along the wall.

III Old men here break, throw bread;
they are ragged, and stoop as they
toss their food upon the ground.
One black bird, bolder than the rest,
makes its way into the midst of them.
(Now he steps from toe to toe, his shadow
grows as large as theirs, larger.)
The others huddle close to the corner:
they fear the dance of shodden feet,
but grow less cautious as the day wears on;
soon they will walk among the men.
Poised before the sun, one takes flight,
something rested in its beak.

IV (Those who hunger, desire rest, come
crowd about these bronze arms,
and pluck an apple from this breast;)
Some comment on the politics or weather,
or stand on each word, etched in metal and stone,
or seek solace in what some man said or meant.

V What better than to waste my time on wine?
Women are bitter, and I grow more deaf
(the dirty man who sits at the stairwell)

every minute.

VI Now the four proceed, ahead, three
smiling in the dark, and
some word is exchanged.
The last lingers behind, but soon
feet accelerate, he rejoins them,
a laugh and some cold breath:
He fears to be lost in the night.

VII He looks upon her;
not very pretty, and has a belly
swelling within.

He is thinking to himself.

(I have seen love grow old;
no, worse, worse than old age,
this unnatural sin.)

VIII The sun falls from the sky,
stars ignite, hung from poles,
stone turns to gold.
Faces leveled upon the scene:
two lightning-hammered eyes,
a man from a dream,
a woman, sharp Oriental lines,
like immortal tragedy;
Footsteps grow long and die;
the crowd moves past, still;
In the blue-black glass they
reflect back the somber dead;

Upon lit marble chairs,
they ponder the scene.

- David Enos, II

FALLEN ANGEL

Dedicated to the memory of River Phoenix...

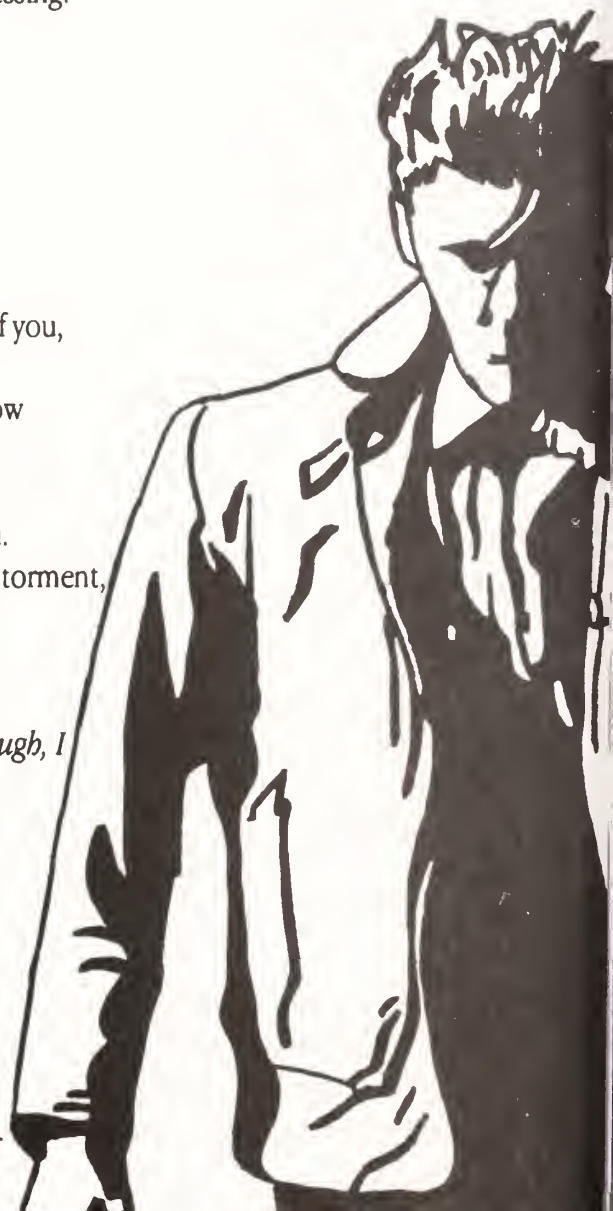
Sitting in the solitude of my white-walled world,
I thought of the loss of genius and innocence we have experienced.
A young man.
You came to us with your beautiful features and your beautiful soul.
Your spirit was the salvation for all your believers.
You led a life of purity, a life of unintentional vanity, a life of misery . . .

One night, you disappeared.
You struggled while we laughed in social bliss, unaware of your pain.
You fell; you tasted death's bitter sweet lips - a victim to your faulty promises.
You passed - our hero, our beautiful innocent, our singular blessing.

You fell, carrying all your children with you.
I read about you and cried for eternity.
I read for eternity and cried for you.
So long and almost yesterday.
Almost yesterday, and so long . . . to tomorrow.

And so I sit here, drowning in the tears I've shed for the loss of you,
drowning in the tears that flow in my river of hope.
I sit here, able to understand the salvation that you must have now
in your own sudden disappearance.
I sit here, with the realization that we are all slowly disappearing,
fading into the light of whatever hand it was that welcomed you.
I sit here, waiting... to find what you found away from beloved torment,
above the naiveté of your adoring fans,
among the purity of angels.

- Debra McCullough, I



SNOW STORY

As she turns her face to the sky, she opens her mouth to feel quick chills on her tongue that melt away to nothing when she tries to capture them. Her eyes open, from black to white. She blinks, black. White. She lies in the cold with a fine lace gauze covering her. If she moves, this delicate covering will unravel, breaking the numb spell. The ache in her legs told her brain to "STAND UP!", but she couldn't. She could not break the spell. She was not warm under there, not cold either. . . just numb. Just as the ache turned to a sting, black raced past her eyes. She didn't blink. A cloud overhead had passed by the sun, blocking the light, making it black. With the cloud came more lace to add to the power surrounding her. Blink. Black. She fell under. No longer numb; cold, biting cold, cold that froze the thought in her mind of finishing the blink, white.

A mother walks out of her house to measure the depth of the snow and grabs the sopping paper off of her front walk. She sees a pink fuzz in a microwave drift two doors down. She pulls her robe tighter as the wind nips her neck, freezing the droplets from her shower. The edge of a scarf appears, covered with ice. She tries to pull it loose, but it is caught on something. With the ruler in her other hand she pokes at the snow to dislodge the scarf, and finds something larger. The snow falls onto her feet. She reveals a face; a little girl with eyes closed, lying in the snow, a snow angel. She tries to uncover the rest of the oven body. Clear blue eyes open. "WHITE!"

- Erica Hanson, III

KOOSH

A plastic racket in my clammy hand
Beads of salty sweat on my upper lip
Pine chips crumbling under my feet
A thud and a sigh when the ball hits
My red-faced exasperated brother bends over
No longer possessing control over limbs
But trying to recapture the rhythm.

- Maria Dubrowski, II

MISCONCEPTIONS

He chatted happily with one of the countless friends he had drawn to him just because he was in a wheelchair. It was loudly decorated with electric blue, pink, and green stickers, which attracted smiles from people of all ages.

The street was quiet; only an occasional person came in or out of one of the various stores that lined it.

The man said good-bye to his friend and moved along the sidewalk, smiling cheerfully and whistling to himself.

On the other side of the street, a young busy-looking mother pushed her two or three-year old daughter in a baby-carriage. She stopped absent-mindedly to look at a newspaper, while her daughter looked wonderingly at a doll in a store window.

The man looked at the mother and daughter, and smiled.

"Baby," the little girl said tugging on her mother's tailored skirt, and pointing across the street. "Yes, sweetie," her mother replied not really paying attention to what her daughter was saying.

The man looked up and down the street, looking for the baby the little girl had been pointing to; the street was silent, and empty. The man wore a perplexed expression on his face, and, as the mother and her daughter moved on down the street and around the corner, he checked up and down the street once more. It wasn't until a few moments later that he realized that the little girl had been pointing at him.

- Anya Drabkin, V



ORANGE

... it's a fruit
it's a color
you can eat one
then have another
you can paint a house
and its fences
or buy a crayon
for just five cents



- Kent Lam, II

ONE TREE STANDS

The tree bends in the gale,
Overcome, weak, no longer strong.
The wind presses relentlessly,
Always beating,
Whipping the tortured arms,
Pulling at the weathered roots.
Once, the tree stood straight,
Once it was mighty, gallant,
A king among its kind.
Once in a summertime long past,
Birds nested there,
Fluttering their wings,
Singing gaily.
Once, green grass flourished,
Soft and fragrant,
Lending its care to shade-seekers.
Once, cherry blossoms bloomed,
Pink as the dawn's light,
Admired by even the brilliant sun.
Once, companions gathered 'round,
Rooted firmly, proud.
Now, the tree stands alone.
The emerald carpet is no more,
Brown filth and sludge course
Through a once ripe land.
Now, the birds have fled,
Driven out by the storm of madness.
Now, the harsh wind sucks
The lifeblood from its trunk,
Sapping its strength, polluting its air.
On this great, barren, lifeless plain,
One tree stands,
Attempting to push back the wind,
To fight, to strive,
To bring back the life forgotten.
On this great, barren, lifeless plain,
One tree stands.
It sees what others refuse to.

- Raina Chrobak, II



"PUT OUR MAGIC TO THE TEST!"

Two of the most popular vacation destinations in America are the Disney amusement parks in Orlando and Anaheim. They are the dream of any red-blooded American child, and provide a perfect opportunity for family members to spend time together. The popularity of these tourist centers has not waned since they replaced Niagara Falls as the world's leading honeymoon resort in 1971. Indeed, Disney World has become more than a vacation spot: it is a central cultural symbol, and the excursion to Disney is in many ways similar to the religious experience of making a pilgrimage.

Many American families put aside substantial amounts of money over several years to pay for expensive journeys to Disney World. These expeditions voraciously devour the "ritual funds," painstakingly earned over a period of years, only to be spent extravagantly in a few days of feverish, pilgrimage-induced excess. However, the earning and spending of ritual money is not subject to the normal budgeting rules of an American family: somehow, these funds derive an esoteric sanctity from their intended use. This tradition is one of the many similarities between the pilgrimage to Disney World and the Islamic ritual of the *hajj*. The *hajj*, or pilgrimage to Mecca, is one of the five pillars of Islam, and all Muslims aspire to fulfill this holy obligation at least once in their lives. To this aim, they save large amounts of money, often over a lifetime. Over one million people travel to the holy shrines in Saudi Arabia during the annual two-month period of pilgrimage.

In both cultures, the journey is anticipated with great reverence and excitement. The American family, giddy with bliss at the rapidly approaching reality of Disney World, sets out on the pilgrimage center. Upon reaching Orlando or Anaheim, the families do not precipitate themselves into the amusement parks; rather, they ceremonially prepare themselves for the transition from the secular world to the sacred. Before entering Disney World, adults don ritual garb, usually brightly colored shorts and T-shirts. Children wear similar gaudy outfits, often in addition to Mickey Mouse ears and shorts. Such standardized dress comes to represent the abolition of all differences among pilgrims. This is somewhat reminiscent of the Islamic tradition, where the pilgrim must enter a state of ritual purity before entering Mecca for the *hajj*: Muslims perform ablutions, prayers, and exchange their clothes for pilgrim dress (called the *ihram*). Men drape two seamless towels around them and wear unsewn sandals, and women remain unveiled.

As the pilgrims are soon to discover, Disney World is not a place of uninhibited indulgence: after having completed their progression into the sacred, the pilgrims must do penance to compensate for the often overwhelmingly ecstatic culmination of the pilgrimage. This atonement takes the form of slowly progressing in tortuous lines. Pilgrims often wait for an hour and a half or more, shielded from the merciless rays of the sun only by a thin canvas tarp carelessly slung over tall poles overhead, all the while being shepherd along by the priests and avatars of Mickey Mouse. When they reach the head of the line after hours of standing in stifling heat, they at last enter the shrine to go on the "ride," where they receive five minutes of intense gratification. When a Muslim pilgrim enters the city of Mecca, he performs the *wudu'* (ablutions), then proceeds to the Sacred Mosque. Inside of the Mosque is the *Kaa'bah*, a square structure built by Abraham and his son Ishmael, which houses the sacred Black Stone. Islamic tradition says that the Stone, which is probably of meteoric origin, was given to Ishmael by the angel Gabriel. The *tawaf* (the veneration of the *Kaa'bah*) begins at the *mataf*, an enormous paved area around

the *Kaa'bah*. Under the vigilant eye of policemen, posted around the Black Stone to ensure proper circulation, the pilgrims circumambulate the *Kaa'bah* seven times, all the while praising God, then finally complete the *tawaf* by kissing the Black Stone.

When the actual religious ride is over, the exhausted and fulfilled pilgrim family at Disney World will feel intense thirst – spiritual as well as physical. They may partake of the holy food and drink sold in booths and restaurants scattered about the religious center. The theme of holy sustenance is conspicuously present in Islam as well: before leaving the Sacred Mosque of Mecca, the pilgrims drink some of the water from the Well of Zamzam. Although the water is somewhat brackish, pilgrims drink it in great quantities, and some fill bottles with it to take home to their relatives.

An essential part of the pilgrimage to Disney World is to go on the terrifying roller-coaster rides and haunted houses and tunnels infested by ghouls and goblins. The seemingly unpleasant experiences which the pilgrims must undergo may have an underlying spiritual purpose: they teach children that fear can be conquered, that adults will protect them, and that evil can be overcome, in emulation of Mickey Mouse and his many minions. This message can be interpreted as a secular (and simplistic) version of the religious message conveyed by the rituals of the Muslim pilgrimage. Indeed, confrontation with evil is also an important element of the *hajj*: after a long period of prayer, Muslim pilgrims go to the town of Mina, where they throw seventy pebbles gathered beforehand at stone pillars called *jamrahs*. These pillars represent the devil, the ultimate synthesis of all evils. “Stoning the devil” is symbolic of the pilgrims’ repudiation and expulsion of the evil within them.

After the pilgrimage is completed, pilgrims returning from Disney World gain entry into the elite social group comprised of people who have already made the pilgrimage: they can discuss the varying quality of the rides, the incredible length of the lines, amusing Disney anecdotes, or their families’ reactions to the haunted house or pirate ship. Society also encourages them to find other means of flexing their new social muscles: some amicably flaunt their pilgrimage to those who have not drunk in the majesty of the Epcot Center or felt the healing touch of Mickey Mouse; others simply parade their ritual clothing emblazoned with the mark of Mickey Mouse in a silent but effective display of their new social status. Correspondingly, in Islamic societies, those who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca gain the title of *hajj*, and are treated with more respect by their brethren.

The striking similarities between these two pilgrimages should not obscure major differences in the meaning they hold for those who participate in them. Where in the pilgrimage to Disney the values of fun and profit overshadow the deeper cultural meanings, the pilgrimage to Mecca emphasizes otherworldly purposes above any pleasure the ritual might bring. The differences between Mickey and Mecca give insight into the value systems of the two cultures, and embody the sharp contrast between the American Dream of “having fun” and the spirituality of a more traditional lifestyle.

- Ziad Obermeyer, II

PIECES OF ME

tear in Your hand
lifeless, yet holds
so much love
for that which is now gone
memory warm my heart
help me feel again
beloved sorrow
wash over the numbness
of nothing without you
crave my passion
burn with the essence of my torture
drink without care
drain my soul of her pain
just please never let me go
never let go
of the life in the little girl's heart
maybe
if you look deep enough
you can hear her cries of anguish
and of her fear
she's just a piece of me
a piece unopened to the bitterness
and stinging hurt of your sacred words
hear her scream
listen
feel the misery in her heart
the suffering of her spirit
and the excruciating emptiness in her soul
her wounds belong to you
embrace your creation of this nightmare
the unending ache of loss
endure the love which hurts so much
it could only have come from you.

- Kelly Templin, II

CORRIDOR KISS

Green flailing morning can't absorb you,
Can't adore you like I do

Not even Earth can untangle us now,
Snatching at your curls,
Mouth looking like a watermelon candy
(oh, that jolly, jolly rancher)
or cheery cherry candy maybe—
only good cherries, not maraschino.
You are an exclamation point, unfragile.

My mouth becomes an unplugged haunted synthesizer
Making marimba rhythm murmurs.

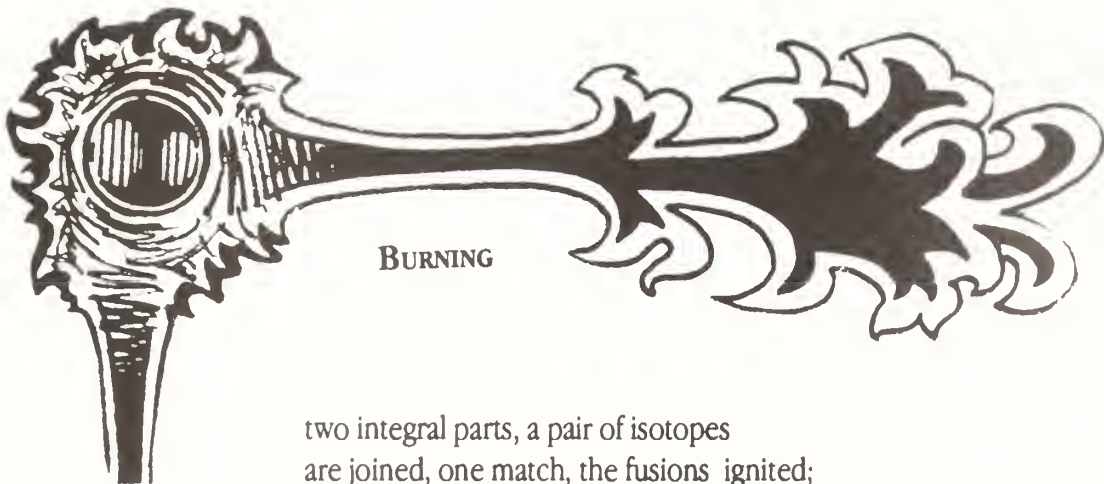
Sugarspun candycloud Dick and Jane fantasy:
Rushing corridor sheen-dream,
filled with invisible tangibles,
not even trying to envelop me and
your lust-worthy poetry kiss.

- *Deborah Milstein, I*

DREAMS

Dreams are eraser dust
that I blow off my page.
They fade into the emptiness,
Another dark gray day.
Dreams are only memories
Of the plans I had back then
Dreams are eraser dust,
And now I use a pen.

- *Winnie Moy, I*

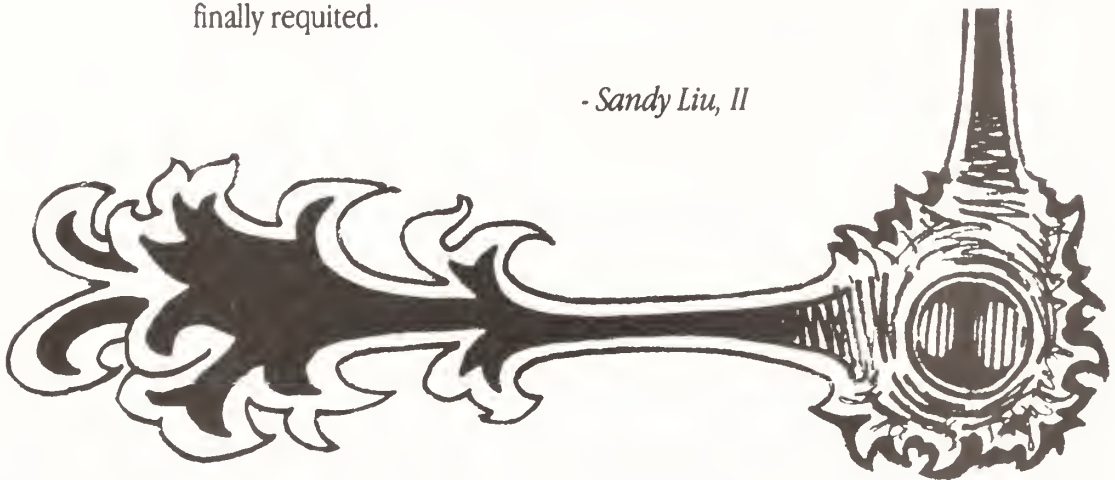


two integral parts, a pair of isotopes
are joined, one match, the fusions ignited;
a spark, a glimmer, then kaleidoscope
of senses burning, whole: love required.

the sapphron slippers sag against the floor;
unknowingly she melts and lingers, slighted;
discarnate flame extinguished, nevermore
seen, nevermore felt: love unrequited.

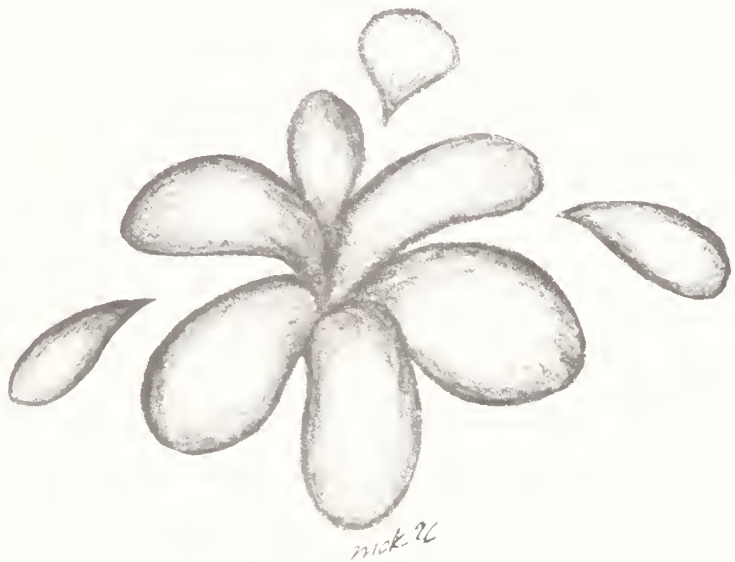
o Love, enkindler of cold, hollow ashes,
into hearts you're invited.
o Mortal, view the blazing of your passion,
attempt not to fight it.
when ardent fervor entwines two matches
and the heart is lighted,
that is no doubt true love, an eternal flicker,
finally required.

- Sandy Liu, II

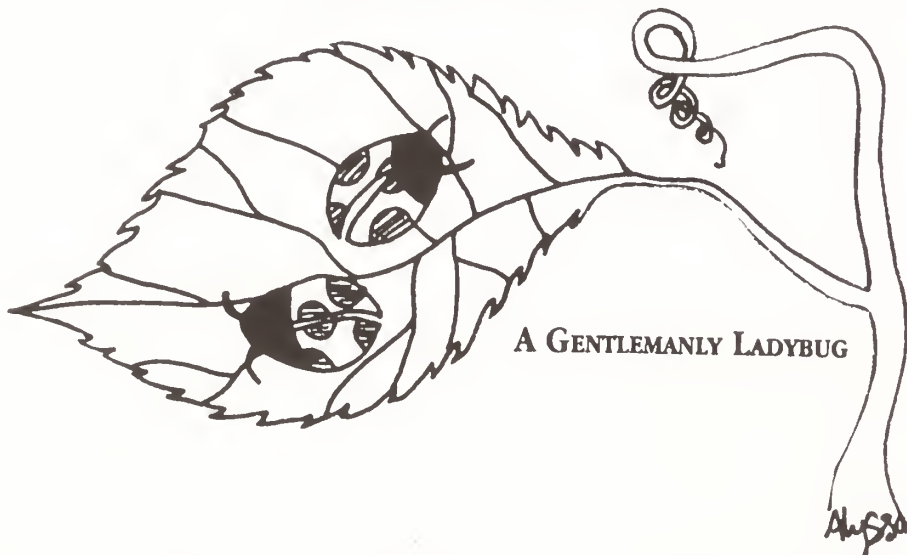


FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

A little boy
playing
maybe dancing
in the cool whitewater spray
on a ninety something day
amidst the mist
of a fountain
with his father. Daddy
watching over him and
smiling, both of them
two generations side by side
a man and
child (innocent angel) - little
boy
too young to go
inside the place and so
he waited
outside
playing, dancing, almost
flying
through the weeping fountain
captured (him by Him)
and immortalized
amidst a teary haze
in a color photograph
(redstripes, blue, a smile on his face)
two years old forever
in the picture
in real life
in his death
six days after
it was taken
he was taken.



- Liz Hauck, I



Hank was an interesting ladybug, surprisingly unique in a mostly identical group of ladybug friends. He and his friends lived in a rusty tin can with a Campbell's Soup label in a weedy field. What made Hank so unique was that he was a shocking shade of orange while all his friends were a bright cherry red color. Most importantly, Hank was a self-professed "gentleman" ladybug, while his friends were just ladybugs. Poor Hank always felt left out when his friends had their deep discussions about the pros and cons of spots. He wearily listened to his friends complain about their curling antennae when they should be standing up straight, and how wings became wrinkled sometimes, which would be as terrible as wrinkles to humans. (I myself, a small, unimportant field mouse, always worried about my tail, because short tails are just not becoming these days.) One day Hank decided to embark on a journey to search for other gentleman ladybugs of his kind, and bid adieu to all his dear friends.

Starting on a well-worn path through the field, Hank sought the advice of the wise snail. Her name was Sally, but this snail's deceptively common name masked a truly uncommon personality. She had lived through six winters, which was an eternity to the small community of insects and small rodents who lived with her in the same section of their little field. Upon arriving at her gate, which really was a microscopic pond, Hank buzzed through her rock garden and landed to ask her his soul-burning question. Sally replied, "Hank, wise and experienced as I am, I can honestly say that you are the first gentleman ladybug I have ever seen this side of our field. Try good ol' George down the lane." She offered him some crab grass, which he declined, and set out again to search for others of his kind. I personally thought that George, a pillbug, had been underground too long, and that he wouldn't even know what the season was. Nevertheless, Hank tried to find George.

George was found in his favorite hiding spot, a tire near the lucky oak tree. George was rolled up into his customary ball, so as a result Hank had the normal difficulty of getting him to unroll. He beat his wings to create some wind, but that did not disturb George. Hank screamed at George, but soon gave that up because George's teeny ears were rolled up as well. Finally Hank sat down and rested until George awoke. After a few hours George groggily roused himself from his nap and entertained Hank's question. Of course, George did not know a thing. I could've told Hank that George wouldn't be helpful at all! George did know that Fred, a really grungy grasshopper, was somewhere in the neighboring woods and told Hank to try asking Fred if he knew anything. The search continued.

Unfortunately, Hank was sheltered from the real world all his life. Our weedy little field was the only place he had ever seen, and up until now was probably the only place he ever would see. When he found out that he would have to go where no respectable ladybug had ever gone before, I must say he was a little apprehensive - make that scared out of his mind. I mean, who would blame him? To face fire-breathing deer and bug-stomping bears - wouldn't that make any insect or rodent shake in their boots? Hank shook off whatever fears lingered about his coming incredible journey and took the first flight into the mystical forest. On the way he encountered a smart fox who gave him directions to Fred's house. Fred was a big insect on campus there, so Hank received lots of help. Even the bug-stomping bear stopped to give me a lift to Fred's tree, and I discovered that all the tales about the forest were really exaggerations, at least according to Hank. Fred welcomed his old buddy with much ado, serving him the hard-to-find delicacy of the forest, green snow pea blossoms. Hank asked Fred the question that had become famous, and he finally got an answer. Boy, was Hank surprised. Gentleman ladybugs really did exist, but only in the forest. Fred explained that Hank must have been mistaken for a female ladybug when he was born and sent off into the wrong place to live. Females lived in the field and males lived in the forest. Fred decided to take him to see the gentleman ladybugs.

When Hank and Fred arrived, Hank was shocked at what he saw: a whole group of ladybugs who looked just like him! One ladybug, obviously the leader, went up to Hank and welcomed him, saying "Well, how do you do? You must be the long-lost brother of ours who got lost one day! Well, have no fear, you are now in the company of some men!" With that exclamation Hank decided something very important. He wanted to go back to his safe, loving field with all his real lady ladybug friends and told his new family that. Hank bid farewell to his brothers and got a ride back from the bug-stomping bear. Hank created quite a stir when he returned, having traveled to the furthest regions of the world. However, Hank kept his real reason for staying a secret: he would rather be a unique ladybug that just "one of the guys." Besides, being a gentleman ladybug, something of an oxymoron, was a cool way to live.

- Vivian Lam, III

BLOOD

(Scene: The starred desert landscape.
Night on the dunes.)

(The curtain opens, the light swells:
two travelers enter. The first (TR1) is aged,
and walks with difficulty. The second (TR2) is
only slightly younger, but in better health.
Both show disheveled wealth.)
(A skeleton protrudes from the sand here)

the center of the scene. Lighting smells of the
past: all motion now
has wound itself from a prerecorded dream.)

TR1: A man has died in this foreign place -
here his bones
flash half-buried from the silted tide;
this I know.

Of him I can tell you nothing.
This is the last word then, scrawled in the sand
here: Nothing can be saved, all perishes.
So move we travelers, so many waning stars
strewn about the clouds, and fall away, all,
without time to cry life into this wheeling
universe.

AB: And so this vision, brother, I endured by night:
the multitude of lands, waters, all humbly low,
abased before the feet of a lamb.

CA: You bring me deep into the pasture,
away from the eyes and ears of men,
to tell me this?

AB: No - it is more than this. For even
as the stars touched the earth, and
the sun itself kissed down to the
low and blistered dust, and all
beasts of the land lay outstretched,
I saw a man standing.
Then I called out to him,
'Why do you not kneel before
the lamb?'

TR2: You let your mind stray into such
cold disquiet - There is little to be found in
the dead,
and no wisdom to be plundered from the old
bones;
He was fool enough to die here, and now less.
Had he a purse, then would his legacy grace
me indeed:

CA: What did you see then?

AB: A sight which moves me strangely.
He lifted his eyes, and spoke,
'Because I choose not to.'
And this was all.

Nothing else will I ask of the dead.
Come, the heart stales with the night -
such thoughts boil only thereof.

CA: You do well to hide this from Him;
these thoughts are improper.
Yet you need not be ashamed:
I, as well, have seen this man,
often when passing on through
the barren fields or grass.

TR1: In a minute. A minute.

(TR2 leaves the stage reluctantly, TR1 stands
looking upon bones.)
(The unreal enter: Two brothers, Cain (CA)
and Abel (AB), move to

AB: You have not told me this -
but now speak without fear;
here we are alone.

When did this happen last?

(CA grabs hold of AB)

CA: When my last offerings were rejected;
From the earth I had nursed fruit,
which I had brought before Him.
I had created, from the ground, as
he had; yet he was displeased,
and scorned what I had yielded
from the earth.

CA: No! I will not endure his displeasure!

AB: Let me go.

(Both struggle. Cain strikes Abel, who falls
upon the ground, whereupon he strikes him
repeatedly. Abel cries out, is soon motionless.)

AB: Why have you not told me these things?

CA: Because you had found honor with him.
You shepherd the flocks, lead the rabble
to the slaughtering knife, and He smiles.

CA: So take this blood then -
I have given you the most
precious lamb of all!

AB: It is our place to guide the sheep.

(Cries. Attempts to cover the body of his
brother, but cannot. Flees from stage.)

CA: It does not matter. After I had fled
His presence, I went out into the thick
wood, and a fire danced in my eyes.
A voice called upon me from the trees,
and it was he of whom you spoke,
though he was not in the shape of a man.
'His only glory is in blood,' he said,
and left me to wander amidst the
tangled wood.
I spoke words then, words which
sounded meaningless, but were
beautiful. I cannot remember them.
They did not come from me.

(TR1 stands above scene. The murdered AB
blends into the background / skeletal form.)
(Pause; sadness)

TR1: A man has died in a foreign place: here his
bones
flash half-buried from the silted tide.
This is our last word, then.

This cursed seed stills lives
in this world, I know.
Oh God! - no, I can not call
on you now.
I have grown sick of the blood.

AB: Then they came from that one,
who paces the fields and woods,
and hides his face from God -
we should perhaps tell Him of this.

(Lights fade to nothing)

-David Enos, II

SHORTS

Walking past
 The ruins of time
 She left her love behind
 Along the path he lies
 Continuing
 On her way
 Down the road
 Driving sorrow
 From her mind
 And the tears
 From her eyes
 Her innocence
 Is lost

We watch it day and night
 Fly swiftly by
 Never savoring the sight
 Till we wonder
 Just where it has gone
 Never believing
 That time has past on

Her beauty hides
 The pain inside
 On the mirror
 A smile lies
 Does she know
 The reflection lie



The little flower
 Struggles
 For the summer light
 Bound for eternity
 To its plight
 By the twisted roots
 Of time

In the dark
 Tortured soul cry
 On hallowed ground
 Shattered pillars lie
 By pools of fire
 Demons dwell
 Near the river
 Bleeding red
 To every god I cried
 To open their eyes

-Matthew Lodge, II

TWO LOVE LIVES: A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

I'll give you an analogy: the phone rings, it's a boy, he asks if Katie, my sisiter, is there. Well, she is. The phone is surrendered, no fuss. Another ring. Miraculously, it's for med, and, miracle upon miracle, it's a- it's a (gasp!) b-b-boy! The phone is not so easily given over to my pleading hands which are being mercilessly waved aside by my mother's. Her sarcastic eyebrow movements torment me, and her lips form the sentence which no one thought would ever be directed towards me. Julie..(wink, wink) it's a M-A-L-E!" She hands over the phone with that oh-I'm-so-proud-that -a-boy-called-you look that only a mother can give. So I finally grasp the phone, only to hear an equally dreaded sentence - "Did you understand the math?"

The differences between my sisiter and me are much more evident than the minuscule ones on our faces. The contrast between our love lives ranks up there in the "very different" category. While she seems to have an aura about her that attracts all walks of life, male life that is, I must have an odor that seemingly drives them away. In any given circumstance, she will meet a potential boyfriend. For example, once on a very long, very hot, very cramped flight to Montana, we had fought tooth and nail for the window seat. I won; she, unfortunately, had to sit across the aisle, next to a very tall, very handsome, very available young marine of eighteen years, who like the others, was instantly infatuated. Who was I placed next to, you ask? I just happened to be sharing a seat row with an overweight woman in her fifties, complete with polyester pants and Dr. Scholl's footwear (to help her very large, very infected, very revolting bunion, she soon told me, over a meal of vegetable lasagna, which continuously spilt from her mouth as she gnawed at it.)

I think that my name cursed me, and for that I blame my parents. Juliette, as in "Romeo and Juliet"? No, unfortunately, my parents opted for a different spelling, the one of the founder of the Girl Scouts of America, who died an old maid at the ripe age of 82. For a person whose name has such romantic insinuations, I have been a little unlucky in that field. How many times have I wished for the name "Julie" on its own? In all of those pre-teenager-romance-novels-with -a-twist-books, "Julie" is always the name of the popular cheerleader, or the beautiful new girl who moves into town. Never is the name "Katie" upon those pages, never is that name tied to a gorgeous redhead who can't decide whether to go out with Bill or Todd on Friday night. For this I am more resentful, I think. No one told me that this wasn't what high schools across America were really like, so little did I know of my unfortunate fate.

While I am reserved, she is giggly. While I am at ease with children and pets, she finds her way to the male sector of the party. For every phone call I get, she receives twenty. Not that I wish to sell myself short, because rumor has it that the 4ft 3in, 97lb guy at work likes me. What a stud. In fact, my sister even was kind enough to tell him that I was available. "Very available" were her exact words actually.

Now, in perspective, it seems as if I am the lucky one. How often do I shed tears because I have a date and don't have a thing to wear? I am saved from the hour-long period it takes her to chisel it off. Her bureau is filled with face creams, kiwi-lemon, apricot-strawberry, or whatever miracle working scrub that she has found for "only fifteen dollars!" while mine has a CVS generic container of imitation Noxzema. I gag at the smell of her perfume, it makes me sneeze, and her make-up makes me break out. So, as I continue on through life as the lowly, humble, and obscure "Katie's sister," I hold a secret hope that once, just once, on a very long, very hot flight to wherever, she will sit expectantly waiting for Mr. Eligible, and he'll walk down the aisle with a bounce, hop into the seat beside her, look at her with wonder and awe, and she'll look back at the "bachelor," age ten, and then she'll glance across the aisle at me, now casually engaged in conversation with another bachelor, looking very much like the first, but with a slight variance - an eight-year age difference.

- Julie Bench, I

HIDEAWAY

whenever I feel like everything's
 coming down on me,
 or the world is about to end
 because of something I did,
 I close my eyes and dream.

I wish myself away to
 a place where nothing is my fault,
 where you are, and you love me.
 A place where I can run and hide,
 A place where I can run and hide,
 hide away from my feelings,
 and vent.:

my hideaway is not a place,
 it's not a physical, stationary thing,
 it's my mind.

...My mind plays tricks
 and I can't fix me,
 No, not always.

Not every time I need to hideaway
 do I close my eyes and wish,
 Wish you were there.
 Wish you were here.
 Wish you were here.

Hiding isn't a public thing, you know.
 I'm hiding myself from the world.
 every single time I do anything,
 because none of it is me.
 The only thing that is me is
 my mind.

I can't express what I feel,
 I can't translate the thoughts
 in my mind into words that are
 true.

I lie in poems.
 I lie in poems.

No, not always, though.
 Not every time I write do I lie.
 Only when I write things not
 from my hideaway.

Black and white dreams are better.
 You can see who you love easier.
 They come out in Technicolor.

- Erica Hanson, III



THE GIRL

At least a few times everyday I'll be walking thorough the halls of school, passing some usual classrooms with the customary kids scurrying around my carelessly falling footsteps, and I will think of nothing. The ordinary conversation will, of course, continue though I care very little about anything in the fragments of my friend's thoughts. "Yeah, math test . . . I don't know that stuff. . . what do I care though?" The monotonous hum, the bees busy at work trying to please the rich queen, can this reality end? Then from down the hall, my eyes are fixed on something, removing me from the senseless motion surrounding me.

Like a bird fleeing the winter, I leave the dark, obtrusive land and step into a new environment. This new heavenly realm is generated by a girl, whose beauty is incomparable. Her perfect face radiates into a bright yellow, lustrous and flowing off of her, in consummate shades that build to new brilliance in each wave, stunning and golden.. I fear what exists in such incapacitating beauty. My mind is confused, as the resplendent glow abounds and lights waver and dance. My senses are overwhelmed by unexpected, dumbfounding ecstasies and the thrilling forbidden fruits of Eden.

The outline that is paradise of her thin figure lies before me, and I gaze upon the contours of this noble land. Her sparkling eyes, like lights in an empty fog, soothe my alarmed spirit and a supernatural presence, I realize stands before me. I have entered the gates of Buddhist Nirvana, and recognize divinity, and my worrying, mortal soul grows unburdened. God's Heaven opens to me and I am allowed part of the universal wisdom, as if I was some angel. The divine pleasure and the eternal truth of the Qur'anic paradise of Islam encompass me. It is as though mere contact with Allah, God, Buddha or some Supreme Being.

I am carried to the heights of a holy landscape, transported by some deity. Sparkling lakes, gently sloping hills, alluring crimson valleys, thin trees bearing transient fruits of priceless value from harmonious beauty. This sacred vista fills my view and surrounds me. Such symmetry and balance, all its features combine in incomparable perfection, alone in untouchable solitude above anything, anywhere.

Staring intently attains for me some amount of pleasure, but touching the splendid panorama would build a palace of eternal paradise, maintaining bliss forever. Enduring ecstasy could be mine, by simple communication or touch, alone. If only I could just reach out to the glorious, sacred utopia, just touch her perfection . . .

Quickly she moves away, off to another class, another teacher, leaving me behind. Slowly, I descend to mortality and return to the perpetual human plight of work, and the monotonous murmur of quintessential reality. My friend is still speaking about something, and the paradise slips from my mind. As the girl walks away, my surroundings seem bleak and very uninteresting. I am abandoned into grayness, hazy and mortally it would seem to be reality. I wander off, leaving the beauty, perfection, and enlightenment behind and out of reach.

Michael Szkolka, II

FAITH

You cradle my waist with one hand and cross yourself with the other. We walk between the silent isles, search for an empty pew (we're late again), and I semi-subcsciously search for God within myself. When we sit beside a small family the youngest boy stares up at me; perhaps he's hunting for my faith. Or is it I who am the hunter?

May the Lord be with you.

And also with you.

Where do I fit in, between the bowed eyes and hushed, praying lips, the blank-faced altar boys, and the crucified, bronze Jesus? Bronze blood drips down his bronze brow, bronze ribs, bronze hollowed stomach. (Heart of gold.) Was he a sinner?

No.

Are we?

Do you remember waking up this morning, wrapped in each other's heated skin and sleepy love? Your cross, bronze and cool, hung from your innocent neck and fell onto my warm shoulder, asking me, "Have you sinned?"

No.

For I have no "sin," no guilt, and only self-taught faith. We have not sinned - we have loved. The white and gold-robed priest offers his monotone utterances as he raises the large host.

Take this, all of you, and eat it,
for it is my body. . .

His microphone magnifies the breaking of the thin bread into a thought-interrupting clamor. The old hands, shaking, despite the familiarity of the action, raise the glass of scarlet wine.

*Take this, all of you, and drink from it,
for it is my blood. . .*

You return from the procession and smile at me as your tongue dissolves the dry bread. Your enchanting lips silently kiss my cheek, and you the kneel to begin a prayer. I often wonder what you pray about and almost wish I could pray. Can I? A last hymn is sung as my sneakered feet prepare to walk from the congregation of the faithful.

Hallelujah, halleeluuujah. . .

You take my hand, smiling again, and as a refreshing smile greets my own mouth, I tighten my grip. We leave the tall doors of the church and head toward the rain-saturated parking lot, but my attention is brought behind me to the same doors, framing the crucified, bronze Jesus. I look up at you and think again of our warm skin and your cool cross. Perhaps some day I will find faith, but for now, love is enough.

- Clara Ellertson, I



CHILD OF THE NIGHT

Celine stood on the edge of the dock, admiring the land as it is basked in one final moment of blazing glory before the sun set.

Darkness.

Complete, suffocating, overwhelming darkness. Then the stars came out, one by one, popping out of their little holes in the sky. And the moon, like a big silver shield, cut through the pitch black to claim its place as ruler of the heavens.

The wind of the nighttime rose from the water and danced playfully around her body, tugging her hair and begging her to rejoice once more and join the procession to welcome Night as she retired and found life in the departing remnants of Day. Moon dispatched her beams of light, and, like messengers, they hastened toward the water to forewarn all living creatures of The Coming. They scattered themselves over the surface of the inlet and twinkled like the stars themselves - earthly stars.

The transformation was complete. Night had come and pushed Day far, far away. Celine reached out into the darkness. She was a child of the Night.

And all around, the trees, like tall, tall shadows, grew out of the land. She reached out to them, too. Celine was a child of the Earth.

But beneath her, and all around her, the water spread and spread. Celine reached out, but the water still spread. She was a child of the Water.

The time had come. At last, Celine was to be One.

"Mother - I am ready."

And then, all of a sudden, Moon released a beam of light - long and thin, it illuminated a path in the water. Celine stepped onto the path. She leaned her head back, and drank in the silvery moonlight. The moonlight ran through her veins and became her new lifeblood.

She descended down the watery path, all the while drinking in moonlight. Down, down she went, all the way to the green ground. Out, she reached, out to the seaweed, and the seaweed entwined itself about her fingertips. Down, down she went and the seaweed became her skin and the moonlight her lifeblood. Down, down, down and the earth became her insides.

And the Earth was her insides.

And the Seaweed was her skin.

And Moonlight was her lifeblood.

She was a Child of the Night, a Child of the Earth, a Child of the Water finally at one with her Natures.

And then, she just was.



- Maria Dubrowski, II

ON GAZING UPON THE SHAW MEMORIAL

The Shaw Memorial (1882-97) is a monument by the eminent bronze sculptor Augustus Saint - Guadens. It commemorates Civil War Colonel Robert Gould Shaw and the historic 54th Regiment of black volunteers , some of them former slaves. In 1863, only a few months after leaving Boston , Shaw and many of his men valiantly fell in battle at Ft. Wagner , North Carolina. The Shaw Memorial stands opposite the Massachusetts State House in Boston .

Dignified and solemn he rides forth,
 Dignified and solemn they march behind and before.
 Shaw, in the real life white man, an officer.
 They, in the real life black men, soldiers.
 Now cast in black with faces of breathing bronze,
 He rides, they march in perfect unity and harmony .
 All one of color, purpose and devotion.

- Mrs. Catherine Wight

**PEACE OF MIND**

While sitting here in solitude
 my thoughts float in the midst
 Upon the ether of life's task,
 without, within the bliss.

To see to love to laugh to sing
 to know from whence you came
 gives to the soul a peace untold
 unheard of in this place.

SUMMER 1980

To speak to this out of an Abyss
 Adds confidence rare and true

Oh, to have the source of such
 resource, would put one in repose.
 And to fall like raindrops or the
 dew that clings to the bud of a rose.

- Mr. Robert Redd

THE CYCLE

"It isn't fair," the young girl thinks as she silently swings back and forth on her favorite swing at the playground. Her little face is troubled looking and her big green eyes are red-rimmed, as though she has been crying. Her mouth is set in a determined pout as she brushes away a loose strand of curly brown hair. Her wrinkled dress, a little too short, exposes her skinny legs and knobby knees. On her feet are scuffed Mary Janes and her hair is a tattered red ribbon.

"It just isn't fair that I can't stay with Mommy anymore. I don't want to live in a new house. They aren't my Mommy, they can't tell me what to do. I'm five now, I can cross the street by myself, I know how to make peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Why can't I stay with Mommy anymore? Why won't anyone tell me where she is going? Why?"

Tears begin to form around her eyes as she thinks back to a couple of weeks ago when she was in court.

"They wouldn't even let me talk to her. I had to sit in the room behind where everyone else was, with that smelly old guy watching me. There was nothing to do, not even a T.V.! Then when they finally let me out I couldn't go sit with Mommy. I had to sit in this chair next to the guy in the black robe, umm a... judge. Then this nice lady came up and asked me questions about Mom and do I like living with her and treated me like I was a grownup. I liked her. Then the man came to talk to me. He was not as nice as the lady was. He asked me questions I didn't know the answer to like where was Daddy and whether or not Mommy brings home friends a lot. Daddy's been gone since before I was born so I don't know where he is but Mom does bring home friends from work sometimes. I like some of them. When they come over, Mom sends me over to Jill's house. Jill is my best friend, she lives next door. When I come home, Mom's friends pat me on the head, I don't know much about what they do over there. They probably have tea parties, or watch Disney movies.."

"...He was so strange when I went to his office. He kept offering me candy and saying stuff about getting me a new family. He doesn't understand that I don't want a new family, I want my Mommy. She's good enough for me, I don't need a new one. I don't care if these people have a big house and lots of toys for me to play with. That woman doesn't have a Mommy voice. She doesn't know how to make sandwiches like Mom does. She doesn't even read the stories the right way. Her animal voices all sound the same..If I get a new Mommy does that mean my Mommy is going to get another little girl?...How come I can't stay with Mommy, those people aren't in charge of me, they aren't my Mom, they can't tell me what to do. It just isn't fair!!"

With this last thought, the tears in her eyes start to spill over. The girl doesn't understand why she has no control in her life. She continues rocking on her swing, back and forth, back and forth.

A few feet away, an older woman thinks to herself, "It isn't fair." The woman was in her seventies with a withered and drawn face. There are fine lines pulling around her mouth, which is pursed as if she was just about to say something but forgot what it was. Her eyes are sunken far in her head and they stare out yearningly at something unseen. Her coat is camel colored with a worn rope tied securely around her middle. On her feet are heavy orthopedic shoes which look awkward beneath her tiny, bony ankles. Her gloved hand tightly clutches her handbag, as if it holds all her life's possessions, her other exposed hand brushes a piece of hair back underneath her knit cap. On her left, her left hand ring finger there is a small gold band.

"It just isn't fair that they are controlling my life. I have a mind, I'm not disabled. What do you mean I can't take care of myself? I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself. For years I have been taking care of all of them. Just because a woman gets old doesn't mean that she is incapable of doing day-to-day chores. I can cook, clean, and run errands just as well as I did twenty years ago. These kids don't understand. All they say is "But Ma, at this place you won't have to cook or clean, they do it for you! " But I enjoy cooking my own meals and cleaning my own home. I take pride in it. Where is their sense of pride?"

She recalls a conversation she had in her apartment with her children a few weeks earlier. The more she thinks about it, the angrier she becomes.

"... Who do they think they are, ganging up on me like that? You try to invite your kids over for dinner, you accidentally knock over a small glass and then they are all over you like a bunch of stalking predators. Suddenly I can't take care of myself. I admit that I tend to be clumsy at times, but is that any reason to send your own mother away? They all pulled out brochures and started talking about how wonderful this place is and how beautiful the area is and how many activities you can sign up for. " Think about all the nice people that you'll meet there, Ma" It's ironic because they sound the way I did when I was trying to encourage them to go to overnight camp. Now they're the parent and I'm the child. My daughter-in-law said, " You can even get a pet, they allow pets at this place" What a foolish thing to say. I never liked her much anyway..."

The old woman stares out into the playground. She spots a group of elderly grandmothers playing with their grandchildren by the sandbox. She thinks about the last time she saw her grandchildren.

"...The last time I saw them was last month. When I entered the room their mother said to them, right in front of me "Be careful with Grandma kids, she not as young as she used to be" I felt like saying, " Excuse me but I'm as fit and healthy as I was twenty years ago" but I just sat down and listened to them tell me all about what was going on in their lives. I love them so much..."

The woman continues to stare out into space. Suddenly her face becomes drawn and pale. She remembers that yesterday was the one year anniversary of her best friend's death. It seems almost too unreal to be true.

"Oh my God, yesterday was Bea's anniversary. I can't believe it's been only a year, it seems so much longer. After she died everyone from that group seemed to disappear. Most moved out to Florida. I could never understand what was so great about Florida, it is as if, by moving to Florida you can cheat or escape death. You can't. Others ended up going to nursing homes. Their kids either talked them into it or just told them. One woman I know, her children packed up her things while one daughter took her out to lunch, and moved them to the home. The daughter who took her out to lunch drop her off at the home. I won't let my kids do that to me. It's my life! They can't tell their mother what to do! They can't control my life! It's not fair that they can control my life just because they think they know what is best for me. It's not fair!!"

As she thinks this the woman looks up and sees the little girl silently swinging on her swing. Their eyes meet for a minute and they both smile at each other. The girl thinks to herself.

"I wish I was grown up like that lady. Then they couldn't tell me what to do. They wouldn't take me away from my mother. I wouldn't let them. I can't wait to get older. Then I could tell them what to do. I would make let me stay with Mommy. I wouldn't let them push me around like a little kid. I bet that lady does let anyone push her around."

As the older woman thinks to herself,

"What I wouldn't give to be that age again. To start over fresh. If I were a little girl again, I would do so many different things. At that age you never worry you never about people placing you in strange homes. At that age you have your whole life ahead of you, to decide the way you want to live, rather than have your life be dictated to you. What I wouldn't give to be young again and start the cycle over."

They both turn away quickly as if they can read each other's minds. The little girl glances over again at the men on the bench and sees he is talking with her new parents. She turns to see the old lady, but the older woman is already walking down the path towards the exit. The girls thinks for a minute then jumps off the swing and trudges over to meet her new family. As they walk away, The little girl turns back to her swing and watches it continue to swing back and forth, back and forth, back and forth.

- *Lauren Greene, III*



STRANDED ON A DESERT SEA

She sits alone and waits (again)
And wonders why she's where she is,
So distant from where, years ago,
She thought she would've been by now
And slowly lifts her head to watch
As time goes by, and people change
And wonders why it seems as though
She still remains the same.
She can't remember sleeping through
The years that blew by, like a breeze
That catches one by short surprise
And instantly melts into sky,
But leaves its mark on all the trees.
Perhaps she was the only one
Untouched by wind, unscathed by cold;
Her years somehow escaped the kiss
Of Father Time, to grow her old
And age is now a placid lake
On which she paddles, round and round
She cannot seem to find a shore
And (though she tries) she cannot drown
Her troubles float around the boat
She rows away; they swim behind
They hunger for her youthful flesh
They long to make her smooth skin lined
With wrinkles, veins, and years of use,
And wear her eyes out 'til they're blind,
And drain the color from her hair,
And gnaw away her mind.
She only wants to find the place
She should've been, those years ago;
She wonders how she lost her way
And how she came to be alone
Just watching sun set after sun
Each night unaged, each day ungrown
And dreaming of the days when all
Dreams would come true someday,
And wondering why they never did,
And why she never made them on her own.

She sits alone and waits (again)
And wonders how much time she'll spend
Before her life will be more than
A frail beginning without end.

- Kelly O'Rourke, I



WHO'S ACTIN' SHADY

Who are you?
What do you see when you look in the mirror?
Look carefully, there is more than meets the eye.

The mirror just shows an image.
Is it your image. Is it you that you see.
Or is it the image that has allowed itself to be
manipulated just to be "down."

Who are you?
Don't turn away from that reflection. Look at
yourself.
Look at yourself from head to toe.
Yes, it's you. You never noticed it before, did you?

It's time to face the music.
Ask yourself the very questions you ask others.
Who's two faced?
Who's a liar?

Who talks trash?
It's all you. You ask what you are yourself?
SURPRISE!

What's the matter? Is the truth hard to take?
Do you even have an identity?
Followers often never do.
But now it's just you and that mirror.
And it should scare you half to death
to see what you have become.
You are so good at being fake you even fooled
yourself.
You have no show to put on now since there
ain't no audience.
Take a hard look at yourself and ask
Who's Really Actin' Shady?

- *Emmanuella Duplessy, III*



CONSCIENCE

Catch

me

As I fall into a pool of
SORROW (Well, I'm SoRrY!)

Throw

me a life preserver —

(there it goes!)

... wonder ... wonder ... wonder

Whoops!

— AnOtHeR! (help)

(what Will happen?)

—But,

rescued at last

did You push me In?

~~~~~

(suspicion creeps up)

(Where Were You On The Night Of ... ?)

it's your FAULT that i am now d

r  
i

p

p

i

n

g w/ grievous passion!

blame blame blame  
forced to give in ... ?

(but was I pushed ... ?  
SILENCE

thinking thinking thinking

THOUGHT

ROT

(in hell)

A. E. I. O. or U?

Could you pass me a towel?

(nincompoop!)

Towel!

[Should've pushed him harder]

Where is your conscience?

L O S T

guilt

I pushed you in!

blame

i know.

everything.

everything?

(nod) yes

all a-l-o-n-g

i'll get you

someday

i know.

no.

RUN

T

R

U

i'll H U  
NO!

UM

then I'll J P back in.

(sp<sup>l</sup>ash)

now It's my turn.

Stands still.

(ha ha)

- Kent Lam, II



## IN MEMORIAM

For me, writing is an attempt to capture a feeling. Unfortunately, the main limitation of writing is that it is only writing. The flat, lifeless words on this piece of paper have not been strung together with enough skill to animate them and spark some feeling in you; thus because of my ineptitude with language, there is no way for you to experience the feeling that I am trying to give you. So there is really no purpose in my even writing this. But I need to try to capture the elusive feeling before it slips away through my fingers like... well, I don't need to use a tired metaphor to convey *that* feeling.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fatima was just one of those people who glowed with smiles. Moodiness was alien to her; a sunbeam in her garden made her happy and her walk seemed more like a lively, simple dance. Her husband, Ibrahim, and their seven children were of the same disposition. At half past seven every morning without fail, Fatima and Ibrahim would rise and walk down the road to the market. They would laugh with the fruit vendor before they bought five oranges and walked back to the house. When the children woke, they would find juice waiting for them in the kitchen.

If there was one misfortune in their lives, it was that they lived in a village in the South. But it was only a minor misfortune — until three of their neighbors were killed by a missile which accidentally hit the village. Everybody knew that this would not be the last missile which hit the South; so the entire village moved to the refugee camp in Qana (the villagers were only a small part of the four hundred thousand people who were forced from their homes by the bombing). Fatima retained her scintillating mood, even though there were no morning oranges to press, even though the house which Ibrahim had built was probably destroyed. They settled into their tent in the crowded camp, and tried to resume their lives. Until...

There were no alarm sirens, no warnings. The first anybody knew about it was the explosion in the middle of the tents, then the sinking feeling in the stomach, the constriction around the throat. Can you picture the scene? Red and orange fires, shreds of canvas tents, blackened stone; pools and spatters of crimson blood, gurgling screams and groans, disembodied arms and legs streaming with blood and shrapnel? Do you realize that until ten seconds ago, these things were human beings? Can you see it? Can you see the dumb shock in the eyes of those still alive, and the glazed horror in the open eyes of the dead? Can you see Fatima and Ibrahim stiffly scanning the huge pile of intestines, eyes, and other stray body parts searching for their seven children, all killed as they were playing hop-scotch? *Can you see the remains of the one hundred and two people who were killed and the mutilated bodies and faces of the hundreds of others who were wounded?* Can you see? Five minutes later, can you hear the warning that "a missile was fired into this area" and to "take cover"? Is this real to you?

This scene was real. An American-made missile, fired by an American-made airplane, both paid for by American tax money, hit the United Nations refugee camp in Qana, in South Lebanon, last month, killing one hundred and two Lebanese civilians and wounding hundreds of others. A United Nations report said that it was not an accident, but that the missile was aimed at Qana.

Rest eternal grant unto them, O Lord, and forgive us, for the blood is on our hands as well.

-Ziad Obermeyer, II





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